

P.P. 1945. T. 2005

"Go deep enough there is music everywhere."—*Carlyle*.

The Minim,

A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.

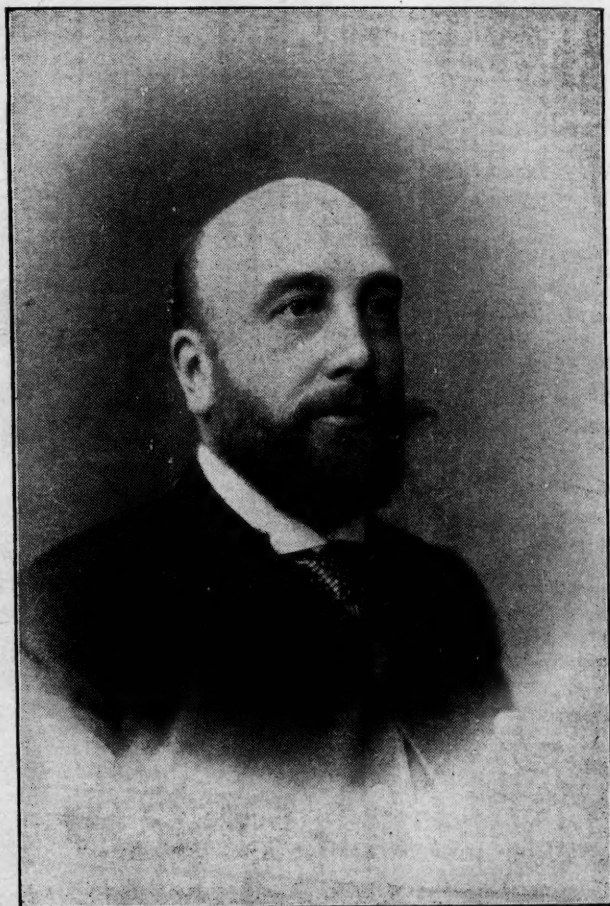
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(ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

Vol. III, No. 25.

OCTOBER, 1895.

Price, One Penny
By Post, 1½d.



SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL MACKENZIE.

THE PRINCIPAL OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Dr. Alexander Campbell Mackenzie is the son of Alexander Mackenzie, an excellent violinist, who for many years was leader at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. He was born in the Scottish capital on August the 22nd, 1847, and very early was instructed in the elements of music, and at the age of ten years he was sent to Sondershausen in Germany, and placed in the house of the Stadtmusiker Bartel. Three years later he entered, as second violinist, the Ducal orchestra, where he had a thorough drilling, as he took part in all the duties of the orchestra, in opera, concerts, and general theatre work.

He returned to London in 1862, and became a pupil under Sainton, at the Royal Academy, and won, in the same year, the King's Scholarship. Besides studying the violin under Sainton, he was instructed in pianoforte-playing by Jewson, and in harmony by Lucas. When young Mackenzie's course of study at the Academy was completed he returned to his native town, with the intention of continuing the work of his father. He laboured and studied hard, and acquired great skill and reputation as a violinist. For some time he travelled as a solo violinist and leader of orchestra, gaining much success; but feeling that the field for the display of his talents in this direction was very small and the circumstances narrow he partially abandoned this course of life, and began to teach the pianoforte, and also soon succeeded in gaining a large connection as conductor of several choral societies. Occasionally he played the violin in public—in quartettes with Joachim, Norman-Néruda (Lady Hallé), Wilhelmj and Strauss—and was almost always associated with Chappell's party when they visited Edinburgh. In addition to this Dr. Mackenzie himself gave several series of concerts extending over a period of ten years.

It was mainly owing to the encouragement he received from Von Bulow and from Manns of the Crystal Palace that he turned his attention seriously to composition, and about nine years ago he relinquished his really large business in Edinburgh for the purpose of devoting himself entirely to writing. He went to Florence, where he produced "The Bride" for the Worcester Festival, "Jason" for the Bristol Festival, the opera "Colomba" for Drury Lane Theatre, and the oratorio "Rose of Sharon" for the Norwich Festival, and given for the first time in Bristol at the Triennial Festival in 1888. The period during which he penned these and other works he found the happiest of his life,

since he had no other cares or duties. Indeed, writing seemed to him the vocation best suited to his taste.

At the request of Messrs. Novello he returned to London to take the conductorship of their concerts, and held that post, with several short intervals of absence, until 1887, when he left London with the intention of resuming and continuing his quiet and congenial work of composition. It was while he was directing the Novello concerts that he was honoured with the degree of Mus. Doc., which was conferred upon him by St. Andrew's, the oldest University in Scotland. So far as can be learned Dr. Mackenzie is the first upon whom the University has exercised its right. He is also a Mus. Doc. of Cambridge, and Mus. Doc. of Edinburgh.

He had already settled down to the serious and earnest task of writing (producing, among other things, his "Twelfth Night" overture) when he heard of the lamented death of Sir George Macfarren, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. At first he had no intention of seeking the honour of election to the vacant post, thinking it probable that Mr. Walter Macfarren would succeed his brother; but learning that that gentleman had retired from the contest Mackenzie became a candidate. Although his rivals were musicians of the highest rank and reputation in the kingdom, Dr. Mackenzie was elected Principal of the Royal Academy of Music on February 28th, 1888. Since then he has given all his energies with true devotion to the Tenterden Street institution, which, by his policy, versatility, unsparing labours, and unceasing activity, he is further extending in repute, and making thoroughly representative of every department of modern music.

Mackenzie's compositions are already voluminous. In addition to the five works already named they embrace "The Troubadour," opera; "The Story of Sayid," and "A Jubilee Ode," cantatas; "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," "Rhapsodie Ecossaise," "Burns" (rhapsody), "Concerto for Violin," orchestral pieces; "The New Covenant," written for the Glasgow Exhibition; and a choral setting of "The Cottar's Saturday Night." Besides these he has composed anthems, a very large number of songs, duets, trios, and part songs, a few organ pieces, violin solos, and a store of pianoforte music. He was elected conductor of the Philharmonic Society in 1892, and on 1st January, 1895, the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him.



THE culture that comes from books reaches through more than one generation, and the in-

spiration spreads far wider than the influence of single individuals.



SIGISMUND THALBERG.

"When we hear Thalberg play," says Schumann, "we wonder from whence he gets all his fingers." "Either by the natural conformation of his hands," says one of his biographers, "or by the most felicitous practice he acquired an equality of touch and amazing division of his fingers, which enables him to dispose a harmony in a manner as extended and effective as the modern orchestra. By means of the elasticity and control which he displays in his touch, the prodigious power of his wrists, the exquisite brilliancy of his tone, and the rapidity and certainty with which he passes from one distant interval to another, he so separates the different features of his accompaniment that his performance had truly the effect of four hands rather than the usual allotment given to an ordinary being."

There can be no doubt, indeed, that his perfect unity of strength in every finger afforded an ever-ready opportunity in the varied *arpeggio* for the most unlimited extensions, and the precision and lightning-like celerity with which they were ever and anon executed, completely bewildered and astonished the unpractised ear, and, indeed, upset the preconceived notions of the most skilled professors as to what is and what is not practicable on the instrument. It was in *bringing together* the difficulties of the modern studio, during the treatment of some simple air or imposing *canto fermo*, that Thalberg displayed extraordinary facility. You could at one moment hear a distinct melody for the right hand accompanied with *tremolando* harmonies for the same hand, whilst the left would be employed in the most playful coruscations of demi-semi-quavers, which were rendered the more dramatic by the startling octave with which they commenced. There were, therefore, four distinct features to develop, and it is in the extraordinary power which he possessed of dividing his hands, as it were, into four parts, and producing from each a separate, marked and essentially different quality of tone, that Thalberg overwhelmed his auditors with astonishment and admiration. I need scarcely observe that to enable this magician pianist to produce his marvellous and perfectly original effects he was compelled to compose his own music, just as Paganini did for the violin. At the age of twenty-seven he had produced nearly thirty original works, chiefly of the class calculated to display his own unique style and execution; but many were of a different type, and proved that Thalberg was capable of successfully writing concertos and sonatas on the lines of the great masters. In his own style there is the splendid "Fantasie sur les Huguenots," "Mosè in Egitto," "God Save the Queen," and "Rule Britannia," and the most popular of all, "Home, Sweet Home." The three

first of these unfold great wonders, wherein the *canto fermo* is brought out with a power surpassing the imagination of those who had not known the strength of his wrist, and in which it was perceived by the critics that the composer had heaped one difficulty on the other, like Pelion on Ossa, so that the listener became staggered with the belief of impossibilities. Of the more classic or sober class of his compositions may be mentioned his lovely studies and nocturnes; the "Fantasia in B minor" (Op. 22), performed at his first appearance before the London Philharmonic Society, in 1837; the "Art de Chant" for the pianoforte, in which he has arranged with perfect grace and singing effect some of the most classic and popular melodies, such as "Deh Vieni" (Mozart), "Per Pieta" (Stradella), "Casta Diva" (Bellini), etc. Many thousands of pianists, professional and amateur, have practised Thalberg's brilliant pieces until their fingers and heads have ached illimitably; and whilst undoubtedly numbers have acquired great dexterity—and some concert-players have traded for years upon two or three of the most showy of his pieces as their best stock-in-hand—yet those who, like myself, have frequently heard this great artist himself perform the same music, are compelled to admit the futility and weakness of the best of his imitators. But then it must be admitted that Thalberg was an artist who stood *per se* as one of the most delightful persons one could see, or hear, or know (the mystery of his birth and its supposed royal parentage adding to the interest); and it is perhaps scarcely to be expected that the aspiring army of "light-fingered gentry" who followed in his wake could successfully imitate the great original.

Our hero made his mark before he was fifteen, and ten years later he had implanted his indelible stamp, not only on the general public, whom he *always* fascinated with his wondrous manipulation, but more especially upon the musical *cognoscenti* of the principal capitals of Europe, and this latter fact gave him more pleasure and satisfaction than anything else, for he felt, as public performers all feel, that there are few prouder honours to be won than those bestowed upon a man by his fellow-workers. Thalberg's immense popularity, and the unbounded enthusiasm his playing and works produced in Paris, unfortunately excited the jealousy of Liszt, who was striving for the applause of the public at the same time. In one instance the two met, and the latter proposed that they should play a duet in public, whereupon Thalberg sharply replied, "Je n'aime pas d'être accompagné" (I am not fond of being accompanied), which greatly amused the Parisians. On another occasion Liszt made free to tell Thalberg that

he did not admire his compositions, when the latter replied, "Since you do not like my compositions, Liszt, I do not like yours; indeed, their style is wild and unconnected, so odd that it can scarcely be called composition at all!" And Thalberg was right. Liszt is one of the greatest and most astonishing pianists ever heard; but, after a careful study of many of his works, I have arrived at the conclusion (and it must be taken merely as an individual opinion) that, with few and rare exceptions, I would as soon study his compositions further and labour to extract real music from them as I should expect enjoyment from partaking of a plate of gooseberry tart and White's pickles—mixed!

The first time I heard Thalberg play was in the Old Theatre Royal at Exeter, where he appeared as one of a touring party, and at the time I was a chorister in the grand cathedral of dear old "Semper Fidelis." Not having gone beyond Herz's exercises and scales, and Clementi's sonatinas, and not having heard much brilliant pianoforte playing (it was before Dr. Wesley came), my amazement at Thalberg's *tour de force* and all the rest of his bewildering digitations knew no bounds. To me, as I well remember, it was not only a delicious musical treat, but a red-letter day, for ever to remain written on the tablet of my memory.

The chief piece which so greatly delighted my youthful mind was his now famous arrangement of "Home, Sweet Home" (not then published), in which the melody, as we all know, is never lost sight of, but stands out prominently as the chief figure in a picture, and, as I then thought, surrounded by thousands of cherubim and seraphim, singing their lightning-like scales, and flying about in every possible and impossible direction.

Happy childhood! Would that I had known a less innocent, a less rapturous, thrilling pleasure than that! It is impossible to eradicate from the mind of the youthful musician these early fascinating impressions; and why should we? Nothing in after-life comes near it for real, captivating, soul-felt pleasure. When I retired that night to my lonely bed, I was still (in remembrance) listening in ravishment to the music which Thalberg conjured, like a magician, from his instrument. Hour after hour, alternately asleep and awake, I listened to his tones, and to the bewitching melodies he had produced at that memorable and never-to-be-forgotten concert. How little could I then imagine that, many years after, in the dim future, I myself should be performing on a grand organ to this inimitable master! But it was so; and here is a short notice of the event from the "Musical Standard" of November 1st, 1862:—

"Leeds.—Thalberg and the Town Hall Organ.—The great pianist and composer having expressed a wish to hear the grand organ in the Leeds Town

Hall, Dr. Spark attended on October 16th and gave a private performance of six pieces to M. Thalberg and a select company of connoisseurs. Thalberg applauded each of the pieces, and expressed to the town clerk, as well as to Mr. John Hopkinson and others who were present, his great delight with the organ and the performance."

The kind and flattering letter he wrote to me afterwards I must suppress, for obvious reasons. The report goes on to say: "M. Thalberg afterwards played some time on the organ himself, expressing his pleasure at the tone as he tried the stops, separately and in combination. He also said that 'the full power of the organ was all grand tone—all music and nothing noisy!' We are quite sure that these sentiments will afford great satisfaction to the good people of Leeds, while they will be read with interest by musicians generally." To this report, from a leading musical serial, I may add that we were all greatly astonished when Thalberg sat down and extemporised on the organ, and in such a solid, steady style, playing clearly in four or five parts, and we were then unable to account for it; but afterwards, in a long conversation we had at the hotel, in company with the famous John Parry, I found, what is since well known from his biographies, that he had studied for some years under Fechter, the learned organist to the Court of Vienna, not only for the purpose of working at counterpoint and composition, but also to play the organ, believing, as he said, that the pianists, like Mendelssohn, who well knew that instrument, were better able to play the pianoforte in a more sustained and smooth style, especially in slow movements, than those who did not avail themselves of a similar advantage.

"But you are aware, Monsieur Thalberg, that there appears to be a consensus of opinion among *non-organists* that those who have to manipulate the king of instruments much cannot succeed in obtaining a delicate touch on the pianoforte?" "I beg your pardon," replied the pianist, "I know numbers of performers, at the head of whom is of course Mendelssohn, who are equally great at the organ and the pianoforte, and possess the requisite touch for both." "Granted; but where the organs have a very heavy touch, as in most of the churches in Germany where I have played —" "Both your organs, German and English!" exclaims John Parry, unexpectedly, "My organ is the organ of *taste*, and I'm quite ready, if you are, to start with the luncheon which Timothy Tablecloth says is ready."

John Parry, "inimitable John," was a great friend of Thalberg, the two often being together in the musical tourneys of the day. Parry was a vocalist, pianist and composer, his chief forte being the singing and accompanying (the accompaniments vieing with the vocalism and charm, caprice

and attractiveness) humorous songs of what has been termed a *refined* cast, avoiding the vulgarity and coarseness so prevalent at the present day. His "Wanted, a Governess, fitted to fill the post of tuition with competent skill," "Wanted, a Wife," "Blue Beard," "Fayre Rosamund," and similar mirth-provoking emanations from his ingenious pen, were immensely popular, and Parry's rendering of them always found hearty acceptance from his auditors.

Parry, of course, possessed a fund of comical stories, one of which greatly amused Thalberg and myself. "Sir James Scarlett," said John, "when at the bar, had to cross-examine a witness, whose evidence, he thought, would be very damaging unless he could be bothered a little, and his only vulnerable point was said to be self-esteem. The witness presented himself in the box—a portly, over-dressed person—and Scarlett took him in hand. 'Mr. John Tomkins, I believe?' 'I *ham*!' Scarlett regarded him attentively for a few moments, and then said, 'And a very fine, well-dressed *ham* you are, sir!' The shout of laughter which followed completely disconcerted the witness, and the counsel's point was gained."

The two friends, Thalberg and Parry, became so intimate that they nicknamed each other Mary

and Sarah. Thalberg used to relate how Sarah dreaded the sea, and that on a voyage from Liverpool to Dublin he occupied a berth over his fellow-traveller. During the night the wind arose, and Mary in the upper berth was awoken by loud and painful vociferations below. Leaning over the side of the berth, Thalberg discovered the cause of the noise. It was Sarah, who, kneeling on the floor of the cabin, was praying loud and earnestly, and vowing never to trust to the ocean waves again. Afterwards, when he had recovered from the horrid *mal de mer* and was approaching land, "inimitable John," alias Sarah, began in a partly jovial, partly ejaculatory, manner to sing snatches of "Rule Britannia," and Thalberg kept hearing something about "rules the waves—the wa—the . . . waves!" When Sarah had quite recovered, and was close to land, he began to look very proper as if nothing had happened, and then quoted an appropriate verse in clear, mellifluous tones:—

"Methinks I see the shining beach;
The merry waves, each after each,
Rebounding o'er the flints.
I spy the grim preventive spy!
The jolly boatman standing nigh!
The maids in morning chintz!"

—"Musical Memories," by Dr. William Spark, of Leeds.

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THE OUTLOOK FOR THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

All trades, professions and careers seem almost equally hopeless now-a-days, and the problem of what to do with our boys and girls is almost daily more difficult of solution. The reason usually given is that of "competition;" people of similar habits and abilities live too closely packed together. Nobody now seriously alleges, thank goodness, that we have too many people in the world—though that argument has been used as a cloak for many horrible crimes. There is an abundance of room for all if we would only spread ourselves out, and if the bulk of the people who have no special talent for anything else would be content to derive their living from the land.

The conditions of life have, however, now become so arbitrary and artificial that much of our land is going out of cultivation through the fact that it is no longer "remunerative," as it ought to be, and would be, if the social conditions of civilisation were perfect. Consequently, there has been a rush of population from the country to the towns, and therefore a further increase of

directly "unproductive" labour compared with "productive" labour.*

Forty years ago, for instance, there were plenty of farm labourers and few musicians; now there are few farm labourers and scores of musicians, none of whom are probably so well off on the average as they were. We have, then, on the one hand a large number of town dwellers who might be productive unable to get work, and many unproductive town dwellers cutting one another's throats in fierce competition; and on the other, fewer farm labourers and much less land in cultivation.

Now, as it is self-evident that no country can support more than a certain percentage of non-productive elements with ease, and as the non-productive population of this country is far larger than it was, it necessarily follows that the community as a whole must suffer and be weakened—whilst the result to individual non-producers is almost overwhelming.

The writer therefore believes that the reason why

* By "productive" labour the political economist means such labour as produces material wealth. The unproductive labourer is one who, though he may add to the happiness of the community, does not *directly* add to its wealth. By a curious yet natural train of circumstances now-a-days the unproductive labourer is often held in greater honour than the productive: the singer is held superior to the music engraver, the organist to the organ-builder, and so on.

the rank and file of the musical profession is not so well off as it was thirty years ago is that the numbers of such non-producers of material wealth is now far too great in proportion to the total population, and that these are packed too closely together. It may be objected that certain eminent members of the musical profession have expressed highly optimistic views as to its condition; but it must be remembered that many of these gentlemen rose to eminence when there was practically no competition, and that probably they would tell a very different tale had they *now* to fight their way to the top.

Teachers in the great music schools, orchestral players of absolutely the first rank, and a few solo instrumentalists and vocalists do, it is true, make a fairly good living in London and a very few of the largest cities, but these do not total a tenth of the whole number depending on music for a livelihood. And what do the rest make, many of them people of great talent and as highly gifted as those in the "upper ten" of the musical world? Hardly bread, much less cheese, pickles, or beer. Solo pianists of high merits are plentiful as blackberries; there are numbers of vocalists who have been taught everything there is to learn about singing; and orchestral players are either so numerous, or the British public is so easily satisfied with inferior articles, that five-and-twenty shillings a week often represents the earnings of a man from a permanent post.

Not long ago it came out at an inquest on a well-known musician, who committed suicide, that his regular salary was forty-five shillings a week only. Yet this man was well known throughout London, and, indeed, the whole musical world, as an instrumentalist of immense powers, as well as a conductor of most important concerts!

The conditions affecting pianists and vocalists are so unsatisfactory that, so far from expecting to receive fees for engagements, they are often deluded by swindling "agents" and others into actually paying to be allowed to appear! For a recent organ appointment worth £60 a year there were three hundred applicants, many of whom

offered to do the work for half the money, and several gratuitously "for the sake of the advertisement!"

Now, what is the remedy? I unhesitatingly answer—distribution. Concentration of units is all very well when the object is mutual benefit; not so when the units are all struggling for a piece off the same loaf. The more units there are the less each gets, though the first in the field gets most. On the principle that "where the carcase is there will the eagles be gathered together" we find that the large towns have sadly too many musicians in proportion to their population. Allowing for the semi-professional and fraudulent element, we should fix the remunerative limit of *bona fide* professional musicians at one for each five thousand of the total population. Yet on taking Messrs. Rudall Carte's excellent Musical Directory as an authority we find that, roughly speaking, in London we have one musician for about 500 of the total population! Manchester and Liverpool are much more satisfactory, there being one musician only to about every 2,000 of the total population.

In many of the smaller towns there is an even closer approximation to our paying estimate of one *strictly* professional musician to every 5,000 people. It may be said that I have made no allowance for the fact that the opening for professional musicians is proportionately greater in large places than small. I very much question this, and in any case I would not admit its application after 50,000.

The fact therefore remains, according to the authority I have cited, that, speaking broadly, there is a much better opening for musicians in Manchester and Liverpool than in London, whilst in towns under 50,000 down to 10,000 the opening for talented musicians is greater still.

If, then, we would only shake ourselves apart a little, we musicians, other things being equal, should be much better off; in any case half a loaf is better than no bread, and often we are really richer with a small income in a small place, than with a larger income and vastly increased expenses. Riches are only amassed by saving; what if our income only provides for bare necessities?



ROMANTIC.—The real and proper meaning of the word *romantic* is simply to characterise an improbable or unaccustomed degree of beauty, sublimity, or virtue. For instance, in matters of history, is not the Retreat of the Ten Thousand *romantic*? Is not the death of Leonidas? of the Horatii? On the other hand you find nothing romantic, though much that is monstrous, in the excesses of Tiberius or Commodus. So again, the

battle of Agincourt is romantic, and of Bannockburn, simply because there was an extraordinary display of human virtue in both these battles. . . . So, then, this feeling, this secret and poetical enthusiasm in all your hearts—which as practical men you try to restrain—is indeed one of the holiest parts of your being. It is the instinctive delight in, and admiration for, sublimity, beauty, and virtue, unusually manifested.—*Ruskin*.

HOW TO MAKE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETIES PAY.

We have reason to believe that the remarks we offered last year as to the means to be adopted for financial success in managing "choral societies" were of considerable benefit to many, and we are accordingly, by special request, now proceeding to give further hints as to how the many amateur orchestral societies may make both ends meet.

The income of any purely voluntary body which depends upon popular opinion for its support must be necessarily precarious, especially when the consideration offered in return is not the best article in the market—unfortunately often the case where amateur orchestras are concerned. The problem is, then, how to make the income fixed and definite in amount—how to retain and increase it—and how to keep down expenses. Successful finance quite as much depends upon the latter consideration as any of the others; in fact, if you examine the history of most penurious individuals and societies, you will find that in most cases it was found more difficult to retain the money than to earn it. No individual or society can be healthily solvent unless we are sound at each end, *i.e.*, not only earning "good money," but keeping our expenses below it.

To do this, however, we must know approximately how much we have to spend, and as orchestral societies can't quite live from hand to mouth, it is often the difficulty of exactly estimating the income that causes the balance to be on the wrong side. Payments are made and authorised on the hope that "something will turn up"—Mr. Micawber's experience, nevertheless, staring people in the face.

It is a very bad plan, as a rule, to trust in Providence; a much safer creed is that "Heaven helps them who help themselves."

I am going to suggest a plan by which it will be fairly accurately known what the society's income amounts to, and which will permit, therefore, of foresight in its disposal, while fairly permanent in its character.

The income of an orchestral society may be roughly divided into three kinds: That derived from performing members' subscriptions, honorary members' subscriptions, and payments by the general public for admission to the concerts given. The latter is a very uncertain and indeed absolutely unknown quantity, and the expense of giving these concerts, with its almost certain loss, is the weak spot in the organisation. I am convinced that, if societies of this kind were to abandon public performances, art would be no loser, and the stability and permanence of the institution would not be damaged by adverse criticisms and monetary losses.

Concerts at which the members display their skill and which act as a kind of grand field-day should undoubtedly be given, but they should take the form of private concerts, to which invitations are issued by the members themselves. By this means not only is the hateful and demoralising system of "selling tickets"—in other words, levying blackmail on our friends—completely avoided, but a much larger, less critical, and easier pleased audience created. It is true that by this means the support from the outside public is lost, but this is more than compensated for by the saving in expense, in addition to which it has been often found, in towns of any size, that it is easier to obtain honorary members in a private body than a public one. The British public is somewhat peculiarly constituted, and it is a fact that the average citizen would rather subscribe a guinea a year to a society which gives him exclusive rights in return, than he would half-a-guinea where he has no very obvious advantage, so far as his sense of "proprietaryship" goes, over the rest of the community.

The members should, in fact, constitute themselves into a kind of club, with an equal subscription, excepting so far as it may be relaxed in favour of those who may be considered efficient, for all. All members will have equal privileges as to tickets, voting, introduction of visitors; and the society should be self-governing.

The weekly meetings should not be too formal in character; there should be a sufficient interval for rest and conversation, and all the members should be encouraged to occasionally attend these, even if no special programme or performance is contemplated. Then at intervals would come the invitation concerts, at which, if the society is worked under good auspices, and duly impresses upon its visitors the "private" nature of the concert, and the honour to be attached to the receipt of an invitation, you will have a crammed audience, duly enthusiastic, as becomes those who partake of that which costs them nothing! The performers are cheered and encouraged, the printing and advertising is largely reduced, and if things are carefully managed the "classes" and "cliques" of semi-civilised society—rocks on which so many ships in the form of social institutions founder—need not spoil the show; and here comes in another of the matters concerning the success of a society such as the one we are considering—the choice of officers. Where these are of the right stuff, cliques and circles are unknown, and it may be safely said that where they exist it is their fault. Some weak officials actually encourage these petty "classes"—especially if they themselves happen to belong to one which they flatter themselves is

especially select—but it is in the end a fatal policy for the society.

Any institution which possesses officers who consider that it exists principally for their own honour and glory, and who are stuck-up, put on "side," or endeavour to assume airs of superiority, will undoubtedly sooner or later collapse.

Considering then the present degree of appreciation of orchestral music in England by the

general public, and also, it may be added, the standard of the ordinary amateur's performances, we advise that orchestral societies composed of non-professionals mainly should give no public concerts (substituting private invitation performances) in return for the members' subscriptions, and that they should be especially careful in their choice of officials—from the "conductor" downwards—or should we say upwards?



SARAH BERNHARDT AT BLACKPOOL.

It was during one of my seasons at the Winter Gardens in Blackpool that Sarah Bernhardt's advent into the town created an unusual stir, her visit resulting in a completely novel experience for the much-admired artist. She was touring at the time with the *impresario*, M. M. L. Mayer, and arrangements had been made for one performance at the Winter Gardens of "La Dame aux Camélias." The advance booking was good, and when the night came there was not a reserved seat left. I shall not easily forget the scene the house presented as the time drew near for the performance to commence. Every seat was occupied, and the enthusiasm was remarkable. I had to open the proceedings by playing an overture, and, this over, the curtain went up and Dumas' play was begun. The dialogue of the opening scene could only be heard by the occupants of the front seats, but this did not matter much, the attraction being Sarah, the divine Sarah. I can see the look of astonishment now as she perceived the uncarpeted floor of the stage, and realised the extent of the huge hall. For a minute or two the actress seemed to be asking herself whether she should open her mouth at all, but at last she began, only, however, to discover that her melodious voice, of which so much has been said and written, was completely lost. It was evident that Madame Sarah Bernhardt had not formed the remotest idea of the kind of building she was engaged for, and finding her efforts to make herself heard in vain, she left the stage before the end of the first act, and declined to appear again. One of the directors

went to her, and endeavoured to persuade her to continue the performance, urging, in the most plausible tones he could command, that it really did not matter whether the visitors could hear or not so long as they could see her. This line of reasoning only added fuel to the flame, for Madame Bernhardt answered sharply that she was an artist and not an exhibition, whereupon she left the premises and adjourned to the Clifton Arms Hotel, where I also had quarters, and here she ordered a copious repast for herself, M. Damala (her husband), and the leading members of her company, leaving the manager to do what he pleased with his audience. Sarah was, undoubtedly, in a rage at having to appear as the be-jewelled and extravagant Marguerite Gauthier on a carpetless stage, which, moreover, to use her own words, was open to the four winds of heaven, otherwise she would not have so resented the manager's argument about the public wanting chiefly to see her. Sarah must know full well that, on her touring engagements, an enormous proportion of the people who pay to see her understand nothing of the language she speaks, but the art question is one actors and actresses are prone to insist upon in season or out of season sometimes. The collapse of the Blackpool performance caused intense disappointment to the spectators, and a deal of rioting and confusion prevailed, although the stage manager did his utmost to restore calm by assuring all present that their money would be returned to them.—"*My Musical Life and Recollections*" by Jules Rivière.



INEFFECTIVE WORK.—Energy cannot be indefinitely exerted. After a time it flags, and the effort to push it beyond its limits is unsuccessful and injurious. Children who have not been trained to study properly frequently waste in this kind of lazy, ineffective work precious time that should be given to healthful play and physical

development. They accomplish little, yet imagine they are studying, when, in fact, they are only stultifying their intellects. Teachers and parents should watch against this danger, which not only affects their present pursuits, but lays the foundation of a habit which will injure their entire future.

Our next number will contain, *inter alia*, a Portrait and Biographical Sketch of Mr. August Manns, articles on "Hearing with our Eyes," "Rival Voice-producers," "How Many Beans make Five," Particulars of New Prize Competition, etc., etc.



A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.

VOL. III. OCTOBER, 1895. No. 25.

All Local Notes, Advertisements, &c., to be sent to the Local Publishers.

All other Communications should be addressed to—

The Editors, "The Minim,"
84 Newgate Street,
London, E.C.

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AS the present issue commences Volume No. 3, we take the opportunity of thanking our readers and subscribers for the support given us in the past and the kindly-expressed wishes for the future success of our magazine. The backbone and sheet-anchor of all institutions, literary or otherwise, is formed by the interest taken in and help given by annual subscribers, and we shall be very pleased to find our present list increasing in numbers every month. For our own part, we will endeavour to make the paper as readable and attractive as heretofore, and, at the same time, will be quite ready to consider any suggestion the adoption of which seems to give promise of benefit to our readers as well as ourselves. A new scheme is at the present moment under consideration, and if the details can be satisfactorily settled we shall announce particulars of it at the first opportunity.

— * * * * —

MODERN FRIENDSHIP.—As for modern friendship, it will be found in clubs. It is violent at a house dinner, fervent in a cigar shop, full of devotion at a cricket or pigeon match, or in the gathering of a steeplechase. The nineteenth century is not entirely sceptical on the head of friendship, but fears 'tis rare. A man may have friends; but then, are they sincere ones? Do not they abuse you behind your back, and blackball you at societies where they have had the honour to propose you? It might philosophically be suggested that it is more agreeable to be abused behind

one's back than to one's face; and as for the second catastrophe, it should not be forgotten that, if the sincere friend may occasionally put a successful veto on your election, he is always ready to propose you again. Generally speaking, among sensible persons, it would seem that a rich man deems that friend a sincere one who does not want to borrow his money; while among the less favoured with fortune's gifts, the sincere friend is generally esteemed to be the individual who is ready to lend it.—*Beaconsfield.*

MR. A. TOWRY PIPER.

Our readers will readily recollect a series of articles that have from time to time appeared in "The Minim" (under the initials A. T. P.), the subject matter of which was "Fiddles and Fiddle-playing," together with many useful practical hints in connection with purchase, etc., of instruments, and the manner of keeping them when bought.

It was our privilege recently to be in the neighbourhood of Darlington, and we embraced the opportunity of visiting Mr. Piper in his cosy residence at Barnard Castle, that picturesque little town in Teesdale on the borders of Yorkshire and Durham.

In the course of conversation we gathered that Mr. Piper was born in Darlington in 1859, his father being the late Dr. Stephen Piper, a medical practitioner of great repute in the north of England, and that, though intended to follow his father's profession, considerations of health induced his parents to abandon their original idea, and he adopted that of the law instead.

To our enquiry as to what led him to take up the study of instruments in general and fiddles in particular he replied, "From a child I was always very fond of music; my first love was a German concertina, but that was soon banished from the house by special request—of my father! who suggested that the fiddle was a more suitable instrument for a 'young person' of my musical aspirations."

Mr. Piper then informed us that he had lived in London for many years, and chanced to meet the late Mr. Carl Jung, the well-known leader at the Crystal Palace, who took very kindly to him, and from whom he picked up some valuable hints

during a course of lessons, especially in regard to the bow-arm.

When asked for the reason why he had devoted so much time to the study of instruments, he told us that it was nearly 20 years since he first began to give attention to the construction and history of the *vi lin*, the immediate cause being an Italian professor, who had swindled his father into paying a considerable sum for a spurious Amati. Since then he had collected all the information on fiddles and bows that he could,

by studying both the literature of the subject, and all the genuine instruments that came in his way.

"Thanks to the kindness of some of our first-rate dealers and connoisseurs," Mr. Piper went on, "and by dint of attending sales and worrying private owners, I have handled numbers of violins by all the makers of the first rank, together with many hundreds of works of less importance, and I never miss an opportunity of seeing a fine fiddle when it offers. As regards my own specimens I have two favourites. This is a Nicolo Amati, and that (pointing to the fiddle shown in our photo) is a J. B. Guadagnini. Amongst the bows you are looking over three are by Peccatte and two are Tourtes. The bow you are holding belonged to Fétis, the musical historian."



From a Photo by Pitchforth, of Salthurn-by-the-Sea.

As we rose to take our leave Mr. Piper assured us that he would be very pleased to give any information he could to the readers of "The Minim" regarding fiddles, remarking in conclusion, "Still, as I have already said on more than one occasion, when it is a question of buying fiddles the cheapest and best way in the end is to go to a first-class dealer."

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

I looked in at three of Mr. Robert Newman's Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall last month. One was a "Wagner" night, another a "Strauss" night, and the other an ordinary, or rather I should say, extraordinary, night. It was the evening of that terrific thunderstorm, and I shall never forget the effect of the lightning playing round the upper windows, and the rolling thunder extinguishing for a time Mr. H. J. Wood's capital orchestra; it was a curious blend, as the fellow said after he mixed strawberry jam with mixed pickles! They use the French pitch at these concerts, and I must say I heartily approve of the alteration. Many "croakers" anticipated "loss of brilliancy" and all sorts of other dreadful calamities, as croakers will, but I did not perceive them myself, nor do I believe did any one else. The band is composed of good men and true, and if such an orchestra could be kept together under one bâton for a little time we should soon have as good results as Richter and others boast of. For although Mr. H. J. Wood has in more ways than one, or even two, taken leaves out of the Nikisch book, it is an excellent volume for the purpose. In the "Strauss" selections I liked the band least of all; one missed the elasticity, *abandon* and "go" of the continental bands in this style, and the only item of these pieces that I really enjoyed was the old "Amen" polka, which was really played somewhat in the Hungarian, or rather Bohemian, style, rather than in the stiff, puppet-like, wooden style of English quadrille bands, suitable though it may be to the marionette-like performances of English dancers.

THE recent production of "Trilby" at Manchester suggests some interesting musical as well as dramatic reflections. In Mr. James Braid's "Observations on Trance" the author mentions the case of a young girl absolutely deaf who on being hypnotised sang in unison with Jenny Lind, and although she could not, owing to her deafness, have had vocal instruction, she sang perfectly in tune, and with remarkable sweetness. Mr. Du Maurier has so frequently been accused of improbability in his conception of the heroine that these scientific observations on the effects of hypnotism may add to the interest of the play.

REMENYI tells this story about Liszt:—When he was seven years old he already played like a grown-up master Bach's preludes and fugues. One day his father, Adam Liszt, who was a good all-round musician, came home unexpectedly, and heard little Liszt playing one of Bach's four-part fugues, but the fugue was written in another key than the one in which little Liszt was then playing. The father was appalled. He knew too well that his son had no intention whatever to transpose the intensely polyphonic four-part fugue. He knew that it was done unconsciously. He asked the boy why he did not play it in the right key. The little fellow was astonished, and asked if the fugue was not written in the key he was playing it in. No; in E flat, and not in G. The musician knows well what it means to transpose a complicated piece to another key; but for a seven-year-old boy to transpose a four-part fugue of Bach to a key a third below!



BUSINESS APHORISMS.—Carlyle wasn't a man of business, but he would have made a success of it had he tried it. In his writings one finds these lines of solid business truth:—A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market. Have a smile for all, a pleasant word for everybody.—To succeed, work hard, earnestly and incessantly.—All honest men will bear watching; it is the rascals who cannot stand it.—Better have the window empty than filled with unseasonable and unattractive goods.—When you hang a sign outside your place of business, let it be original in design and of good quality.—Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its power of endurance.—Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous, a spirit of sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

HERE is Thackeray's version of his first meeting with Charlotte Brontë. The tiny, intense creature had idealised Thackeray, personally unknown to her, with a passion of idealisation. "Behold a lion cometh up out of the North!" she quoted underneath her breath, as Thackeray entered the drawing-room. Some one repeated it to him. "Oh, Lord," said Thackeray, "and I am nothing but a poor beggar of an Englishman, ravenous for my dinner. At dinner Miss Brontë was placed opposite Thackeray by her own request. "And I had," said he, "the miserable humiliation of seeing her ideal of me disappearing down my own throat, as everything went into my mouth and nothing came out of it, until, at last, as I took my fifth potato, she leaned across, with clasped hands and tears in her eyes, and breathed imploringly, 'Oh, Mr. Thackeray, don't!'"

MADAME ADELINA PATTI.

Those who heard her in the Coliseum at Leeds, and had not enjoyed that privilege before, admitted that they could not wonder at the world-wide reputation such a singer possessed, with a voice of such marvellous beauty, compass, and power. It is not only in the rich and lovely vocal organ she possesses—fuller and stronger than ever—but she is altogether so fascinating and “beautiful beyond compare”—with dark black eyes that always sparkled like diamonds, and sparkle now, her grace of manner, and her sweetness of speech and address, captivate every one who is brought into contact with her. Looking at and listening to her the other day, I could scarcely persuade myself that it is nearly thirty years since I was first introduced to her—the day after she took the part Amina, in Bellini's *La Sonnambula*, when she created so profound an impression, and so decided a *furor*, by the genius and originality she developed in her impersonation of the part.

The story of her birth and career, as given to Queen Isabella when she first visited Madrid professionally, in the presence of her father, to whom she was much attached, is so exceedingly interesting that I cannot do better than here give it:—

“In the year 1843, my parents, the Italian singers, Signor Patti and Signora Patti-Barili, arrived in Madrid to perform a series of starring parts. My mother, who had retained the name of her first husband, was Roman, and one of the most celebrated singers of her time. On February 18th they both appeared in the opera of *Norma*, one of my mother's most successful parts. Scarcely had they returned from the theatre to the hotel, than she whispered to her delighted husband—‘I am a mother,’ words which, a few hours before, was Norma's last confession to her father, the Arch-Druid. The infant who saw the light on the morning of February 19th was myself. Three weeks later my parents returned, with my brother Carlo, my sisters Amalia and Carlotta, and myself, to Italy, where we remained for three years. My father placed my two elder sisters in a boarding-school at Milan, and departed with the younger ones for New York, where I remained until I was sixteen.

“The necessity of providing for a numerous family obliged my father to turn my talents early to account. From my seventh to my tenth year I travelled as a little prodigy with him all through South America. The well-known pianist, Gottschalk, took part for several years in our concerts. At that time I already sang the leading opera airs, and conquered the most difficult passages containing prolonged shakes and *staccati* with the

greatest ease. My first teacher was a French lady; then I studied with my step-brother, Barili, who was a celebrated baritone. My mother wanted to send me, when quite a child, to Italy, that I might take an engagement there. But when the project came to the knowledge of Maurice Strakosch, the theatre-manager at New York, he protested against it most decidedly. As a true *connoisseur*, and still more as the husband of my sister Amalia, who was then a favourite soprano and ballad singer in America, Strakosch had a right to object, and his expostulations decided my artistic career in the future.

“My voice began already to tremble, and it would have been ruined if I had followed my mother's wishes and sung for a season in Italy. For two whole years Strakosch did not allow me to utter a note; then he made me study a few parts with him after having steadied my voice by some quiet scales. He made me re-appear in my sixteenth year under the direction of himself and Ullmann, in the Academy of Music at New York as Lucia. My brother-in-law had great difficulty in obtaining Ullmann's consent to my taking the leading part, for he said, ‘the little thing,’ as he contemptuously called me, ‘would scarcely be seen, and much less heard, on the large stage.’ The favour with which the public received me taught my severe manager better, and I think I may say, without appearing conceited to your Majesty, that Herr Ullmann had reason to be satisfied with me and my performance.

“From New York I travelled with Strakosch, as well as my father and sister, to New Orleans, where I sang as Valentine for the first time in French.

“And no doubt you had to repeat the part very often?” questioned the Queen.

“No doubt, your Majesty, if things had gone according to the manager's wishes; but I was obstinate,” said Adelina, roguishly, “and what I wished, must be!”

“The queen laughed heartily at this remark.

“My daughter, your Majesty, followed her own will, as usual,” remarked her father.

“How was that? You must tell me, Signor Patti.”

“Adelina took it into her head, after Valentine, to sing the *Traviata*, a part she had not yet studied. We thought this a piece of unheard-of presumption, especially as, the orchestra having been overworked, no rehearsal had taken place. But all our remonstrances proved of no avail; my little girl remained firm, and we had to give in. Three days later Adelina sang the *Traviata*, after a slight rehearsal with the pianoforte. In a state of great apprehension I and my family repaired to

the theatre; but when a storm of acclamations reached our ears—when we saw our child bowing her thanks amidst a carpet of flowers, then, your Majesty, we could restrain ourselves no longer. With tears of joy we took Adelina into our arms, and my son-in-law, Strakosch, greeted her with the exclamation, 'You must be a witch!'

"The Queen, who had listened very attentively, rose and said to Adelina: 'I congratulate you most sincerely on your brilliant successes, and I hope often to witness a continuance of them. Your account has interested me greatly, for now I can justly call you my dear countrywoman, of whom I am proud!'"

Adelina and her father were then graciously dismissed by the Queen.

Patti, like most other geniuses, has always possessed a most tenacious memory; in truth, she seems to forget nothing, and even in ordinary everyday life she will recall little incidents which occurred twenty years ago. This gift may account for her being able to sing all the principal Italian operas in four or five different languages. Her *répertoire* is so extensive that she can take the heroine's character in no less than thirty operas, including those parts she herself created, such as Annetta, Esmeralda, Gelmina, Juliet, La Catarina, Aida, and Estella. The only classical opera she took part in was *Don Juan*, playing the part of Zerlina to perfection. This astonishing *prima donna* has performed in nearly every part of the civilized world with equal success; she has never failed, excepting on one or two occasions when a sudden hoarseness came on in Russia, and she was compelled to rest from her incessant work, and urged by her medical adviser (generally a homœopathic doctor) to breathe milder and more congenial air farther south. Nowhere has she been more popular than in St. Petersburg, where she was literally worshipped by hundreds—nay, thousands of music-loving Russians. One who was with her on one of her last visits says:

"Having been a witness of Adelina's many triumphs, of outbursts of enthusiasm bordering on madness, I did not think that great demonstrations were possible. I was profoundly mistaken, however, for the St. Petersburg public far surpassed anything I had ever seen before. On Adelina's night most extraordinary profits were made by the tickets. Places in the gallery were sold for ten roubles each, whilst stalls were quickly disposed of for a hundred roubles each.

"The emperor and empress, with the whole court, took part in the brilliant reception accorded to Patti. Flowers to the amount of six thousand roubles were thrown at her . . . This large sum, as we heard afterwards, came from a collection made principally in the Jockey Club by Generals Wrangel, Tolston, and Zimmermann.

The first idea was to present the *prima donna* with a present. As, however, this plan was given up, chiefly out of consideration for the Marquis de Caux (who was then her husband), it was agreed that the money should be devoted to purchasing flowers. The six thousand roubles were the more quickly transmuted into blossoms, as one single camellia cost four roubles. On the night Adelina was called before the curtain no less than forty times, and at last sank into my arms, quite exhausted. After the performance an immense crowd, uttering loud hurrahs, surrounded the carriage, and we were truly thankful when we reached the hotel in safety."

During the palmy days of Italian opera, Patti was seldom absent a season from Covent Garden theatre; it was generally on the "off-nights" that I had, at the invitation of Maurice Strakosch, an opportunity of dining with the family party (sometimes strengthened by two or three influential critics) at the charming house, "Rossini Villa," at Clapham Park. These, indeed, were delightful times, which I cannot easily forget, Adelina being then in the zenith of her fame and powers, and yet, to all intents and purposes, she was as good and guileless as she was graceful and beautiful.

The time came, however, when that little rogue Cupid fluttered round her heart, and her love, disappointments, joys and sorrows asserted their right in turn to be known. Well, Adelina has had her delights and also her sorrows; but let us fervently hope that she will now have nearly done with the latter, and daily rejoice in a large participation of the former.

Not alone in opera and dramatic music is Patti great, her singing in oratorios and other sacred music being one of her richest attractions. In 1864 I attended the Birmingham Festival, chiefly for the purpose of hearing Costa's new oratorio "Naaman," and Patti sang the part of Adah, which she did to perfection, earning the unstinted admiration of the composer and conductor (Costa) as well as the applause of the critics; and, best of all, as she said afterwards, the sincere and hearty congratulation of no less an artist than Jenny Lind, who had never before heard Patti in any important sacred composition. Nothing could exceed the beauty and artistic finish of her singing at the famed Handel Festivals of 1865, 1877, and 1880. It was thought at first that the solid music of the sturdy old Saxon, whose imperishable *Messiah* will live for ever, would be too "heavy" for her; but whether in the varied bravura style of "From mighty kings" (Judas Maccabeus), or in the more expressive devotional style of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," Adelina Patti proved herself to be a vocal star of the greatest magnitude.

It was during one of her visits to Leeds that she sang in the Town Hall, with remarkable brilliancy

and effect, "Let the bright Seraphim," from Handel's oratorio, *Samson*, accompanied on the organ, of which instrument she is especially fond, there being a good specimen in her delightful "home, sweet home," Craig-y-nos Castle, South Wales.

During her visits to Paris, she was idolized by all the musicians who could get an introduction to her, but by none more than the three distinguished composers, Auber, Rossini, and Meyerbeer. The first-named gentleman—the composer *par excellence* in the French school—used to go out to evening parties at the age of eighty; not to one only, but to several on the same night!

Though he was generally full of *bon mots*, yet sometimes he was absent-minded, and on one occasion at Patti's he forgot entirely to sit down; and when at last at three o'clock in the morning he was invited to take a chair, he replied: "But, dear child, I am not at all tired!" On another occasion, after she had been singing charmingly in Donizetti's opera (*Don Pasquale*), Auber offered her a bouquet of roses from Normandy, and in answer to her question about her new diamond studs said: "The diamonds you wear are beautiful, but those you place in our ears are a thousand times better."

But the story which her companion tells of her assistance to Sarah Bernhardt is still better, and may be thus explained: On her arrival in Paris in the autumn of 1869, Adelina Patti was urged by journalists and others to assist at a benefit concert on behalf of an "obscure actress," one Sarah Bernhardt, who had by a fire, lost all her goods and possessions. After some difficulty in getting the Marquis de Caux to consent, she sang on November 5th in the Odéon Theatre, and after the performance a female, "clad in a black woollen gown, timidly approached the great singer, and offered her a bouquet, and being too shy to utter a word of thanks, kissed her hand." "Who," she adds, "could have guessed that so insignificant a girl would develop into the famous Sarah Bernhardt

of to-day, and astonish the world by her acting and her quarrels?"

Perhaps there was not one of the eminent musicians whom Patti delighted to see and entertain more than the composer of *Guillaume Tell*, *Il Barbiere*, and her favourite sacred work, *Stabat Mater*. And Adelina, too, was pleased to visit Rossini in his own beautiful villa at Passy, which became the centre of great musical, literary, and artistic circles. He was the *beau idéal* of a *bon vivant*, and never denied himself any of the good things of this world upon which he had set his mind. Up to his last illness he was full of life, acute intelligence, and melodious music—he could not bear the music of the "music-of-the-future" school, and he made no secret of his dislike to the anti-vocal element in modern music, or of the pleasure he would feel when "the Jews had finished their Sabbath." Patti's views exactly coincided with those of this great master, and when he died, on November 13th, 1868, at the ripe age of seventy-six, her sorrow was deep and poignant.

She would not forego the melancholy pleasure—her companion wrote from Paris—of paying a last tribute of respect and gratitude to so great a man, who had loved her as his own child. The obsequies took place in the Church of the Holy Trinity, and all the singers of the Grand Opera, as well as those belonging to the Italian Opera, showed their veneration for his immortal genius by taking part in a performance of his *Stabat Mater*. The ceremony thus arranged by the Parisians to do honour to Rossini's memory was very grand, and when Alboni and Patti sang the divine duet, *Quis est homo*, people were so overcome by the pathos and feeling they evinced, that loud sobs were vibrating everywhere, and there was not a dry eye in the Church. Madame Patti was married to Signor Ernesto Niccolini, the distinguished tenor, on Thursday, June 10th, 1886, having been divorced from her first husband, the Marquis de Caux, with whom she lived—not happily—for a few years. There are no children.—"*Musical Memories*," by Dr. William Spark.



LESSONS TAUGHT BY NOBLE LIVES.—He who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been for ever closed, feeling how impotent there are the wild love and the keen sorrow to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust. But the lessons which men receive as individuals they do not learn as nations.

Again and again they have seen their noblest descend into the grave, and have thought it enough to garland the tombstone when they had not crowned the brow, and to pay the honour to the ashes which they had denied to the spirit. Let it not displease them that they are bidden, amidst the tumult and dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices and watch for the few lamps which God has toned and lighted to charm and to guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay.—*Ruskin*.

PRIZE COMPETITION.—No. 19.

Some months ago we invited competitors to vote on the question of difficulty in singing certain of the "Messiah" choruses, and it has been suggested that we repeat the competition in question, substituting one other for the chorus adjudged most difficult on that occasion, viz., "His Yoke is Easy." As we have heard several expressions of opinion that voting would be very close we hope all our readers will think well before "making their mark," and bear in mind that the question of difficulty covers *all four parts*, and not merely that part which the voter is accustomed to sing.

Competitors are required to state which in their opinion is the most difficult chorus to sing well out of those mentioned, and to indicate the same by placing a cross (X) in the space provided opposite its name. The votes will be tabulated, and the chorus for which most votes are given will be adjudged the most difficult.

The following rules must be strictly adhered to, or competitors will be disqualified :—

1. The Coupon below must be filled in and returned to our London Office, 84 Newgate Street, *not later than* first post on October 21st, the outside of the envelope being marked "Competition."

2. The Competition is free to all who send in their replies on accompanying Coupon. Competitors may send in more than one answer if they choose, but a separate coupon must be used for each.

3. The Competitor's name and address must be forwarded in a *closed* envelope bearing on the outside the motto chosen. The Coupon *must not* be enclosed with the name and address, or Competitor will be disqualified.

4. In the event of a tie the prize will be awarded to the Coupon first opened. The Editor's decision must, in all cases, be considered final.

In lieu of giving a money prize, as has hitherto been our custom, we offer to the Competitor whose Coupon contains the winning name a handsomely bound copy of "Charles Gounod's Life and Works," by Marie Anne Bovet.

COUPON No. 19.

(Please cut out neatly).

..... "And with His Stripes."

..... "All we like Sheep."

..... "He Trusted in God."

..... "And He shall Purify."

..... "Let us break their Bonds."

Motto _____

— * * * * *

MISUNDERSTANDINGS. — In countless different ways people misunderstand each other, attribute to others motives which never actuated them, and then respond by their own conduct to the mistaken image they have set up. The real faults of character and the real defects of conduct which are present among us are as nothing compared with those imaginary ones which are attributed to people wholly through misunderstandings.

MORAL BANKRUPTCY. — When is a man a bankrupt? First of all, when he grows up missing his own manhood; second, when he misses comfort and peace and pleasure; third, when he loses his health and physical ability; fourth, when he comes out without intellectual culture and breadth of sympathy. A man's or woman's life is a failure when he or she gets through his or her earthly career without that something which we call character, or manhood, or womanhood. Life ought to be so lived as to leave a strong, indestruc-

tible moral power—an immortal element of noble character. Any life that comes short of this is not a success; it must be set down among the business failures.

PROGRESS. — All progress is of slow growth, even under the most favourable conditions. We may greatly hinder it, but we cannot hurry it by any spasmodic or one-sided efforts. Nothing will be gained by self-deception or misrepresentation. We must fall into line with Nature and with Truth before we can really benefit the community, or indeed any individual member of it, permanently. The good and the evil of every proposed change should be calmly viewed and impartially weighed; and the mere wishes of those who favour it and of those who dislike it should be, as far as possible, laid aside. Truth and not triumph will thus be secured, and the greatest good with the least evil will be sustained.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,

As an admirer of Wagner it goes against me to find fault with an article upon him. I must, therefore, plead my admiration as an excuse for taking exception at what seems to me to be rather a mixture of contradictory statements in a recent sketch in your paper entitled, "Elements of Wagnerism." Here your correspondent S. F. H. says:—

"We must ever remember when listening to Wagner's music that it appeals much more to the brain than to the heart."

"Even in touching passages . . . such as duets between lovers, much more stress is laid upon the psychological and analytical side than the purely emotional."

"As a tone-painter, what composer has there ever been who could musically paint to such perfection the many beauties of nature? His works teem with exquisite examples of this marvellous power."

Well, to start with, what are we to make of this, that Wagner's music is not emotional because he wrote from a psychological point of view? I have always understood that when we treat upon psychology we treat upon the soul and its impulses. What are these impulses? Are they not our passions and emotions? We say a man has no soul when he appears to be utterly indifferent to, and devoid of, all emotion. If a book, or a song, or a sermon affects us very much we say "it was so very emotional." Psychology is the study of the soul, and the soul is the invisible power which guides and controls our emotions. How Wagner could write music that was psychological and not emotional is a conundrum which I cannot answer.

S. F. H. now follows up by saying that no composer depicted nature so truthfully as Wagner. How does this tally with the statement that the music is not so very emotional? Are not our emotions governed by the circumstances of nature? Are we not gay with the gay, sympathetic with the suffering, and gentle to those in affliction? Do we not delight in the songs of the birds, and the lovely blossoms and fruit of the trees? Are we not awed by the grandeur of the power of the elements of earth and sky? If, then, we are so stirred by these traits of nature, of which Wagner is such a master painter, how can S. F. H. say this music appeals more to the brain than to the heart. No, No! Wagner's music is most emotional. Why is it that the popularity of his operas is increasing almost day by day? Is it because they were com-

posed in strict accordance to the rules of music, well written, and cleverly orchestrated? No! these are not the reasons. It is because Wagner brings before us man as we know him, garbed, truly, in ancient costumes, but still man of our understanding, with our virtues and vices, man with that nobility of spirit or the reverse, of which we still have plenty left. Man as man is, not as he should be (excepting, perhaps, Parsifal).

Wagner gives us humanity interpreted by that inspired and most beautiful voice of nature—music. He does not give us the tinsel and glitter of Rossini, Bellini, or Meyerbeer (whose operas Louis Engel considers the acme of this branch of the art); he gives us a natural, well-connected story, not a mere selection of concert excerpts. No doubt we admire Wagner's genius, and the power of the brain that produced such music, but that is not what we have to judge; it is the effect of this music upon us individually, and I think that most people intimate with Wagner's music will agree with me when I say his music is supremely emotional.

Yours, A. T. WADLEY.

36 Jocelyn Road,
Richmond, Surrey.

ELECTRIC ORGANS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

Mr. Hope-Jones issues a safe challenge. For reasons which I cannot ask you to publish, I decline so much as to enter a building containing a Hope-Jones' organ. I have frequently told him that I would not do so, and I have frequently challenged him to an investigation, even by his own supporter, Sir Richard Webster, of this and other matters outstanding between us. Until he accepts this or in other ways substantiates his challenged statements, his regard for truth may pass for what it is worth. In the meantime, self-respect and regard for truth compel me to adhere to my resolve. I also adhere to my statement as to the impossibility of transposition without a make and break of contact for every key, a statement borne out by Mr. Hope-Jones' patent. Whether he calls these makes and breaks by some other name than a switch is immaterial.

THOMAS CASSON.

4th Sept., 1895.

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THERE never was a great man unless through Divine inspiration — *Cicero*.

For insult given, the noblest vengeance is forgetfulness for ever. — *Florian*.

